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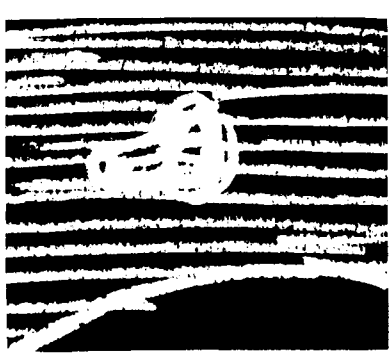

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NEWS AND VIEWS

A Harvard nutritionist and a Yale biologist offer some sobering reflections in a special issue of *Scientist and Citizen* on the use of chemical sprays on crop plants in Vietnam as a weapon of starvation.

Professors Jean Mayer and Arthur Galston argue that the chemical destruction of crops (a) "has the peculiar property of inflicting suffering on civilians while doing little damage to the military," and (b) "may set in motion an irreversible chain of events which could continue to affect both the agriculture and the wildlife of the area—and therefore the people, also—long after the war is over."

Nutritionist Mayer compares the campaign to starve the Viet Cong with starvation by blockade in past wars, and points out that a food shortage strikes "first and hardest at children, the elderly, and pregnant and lactating women; last and least at adult males, and least of all at soldiers." He quotes nutritional studies to show that the South Vietnamese soldier is better off than his counterpart in civilian life, and says that "on the other side, Viet Cong soldiers may likewise be expected to get the fighter's share of whatever food there is."

Biologist Galston cites the destruction of food crops and commercial plants over an area of a million and a half acres: rubber trees, cassava, breadfruit, papaya, starapple, figs, sweet potatoes, beefwood (a source of lumber), mango, etc. But his concern is not over seasonal losses, so much as it is over the changes being brought about in the ecology of Vietnam—changes that "may include immediate harm to people in the sprayed areas and may extend to serious and lasting damage to soil and agriculture, rendering more difficult South Vietnam's recovery from war, regardless of who is the 'victor.' "

The tragedy of all of this would be serious enough if the visitation of American chemical sprays were upon the so-called enemy territory of North Vietnam. Instead, all, or the bulk at least, of the spraying is being carried out in "friendly" South Vietnam, in the increasingly futile attempt to curb the Viet Cong. It's another instance of means not conforming to ends and the alleged blessing of liberation being a bane for the allegedly blessed.

But crop sprays, perverse as they are, are relatively innocent weapons in the American arsenal, when compared to some other poisons being readied. *Scientist and Citizen* tells, for instance, of new nerve gases that are "odorless and colorless . . . (and) give no warning. They act rapidly and effectively in low concentration . . . A few inhalations, at the air concentrations under field conditions, can cause a blood concentration sufficient to kill in one or two minutes."

At least one of these gases is being produced at a plant in Newport, Ind., which has been operating 24 hours a day for more than three years, manufacturing chemically filled rockets, land mines and artillery shells.

Then there are new biological weapons made of "living material," some of which are still in the process of being perfected for proper control, so they will not backfire on the user, killing and causing epidemics among people who are not the targets of the weapon.

It's all kind of consoling, isn't it? To think that there's all this and napalm, too!

•

A surprisingly blunt summing up of the Catholic Church's blundering role in the recent New York State constitutional referendum has been published by the *Long Island Catholic,* official weekly of the Rockville Centre diocese.

The Church's strategy, of course, was to zero in on Blaine Amendment repeal and plump for the proposed new constitution since it did not contain the exclusions of aid to religious schools specific in Blaine. The result was a 3-to-1 thumping for the new constitution at the polls and failure of the Church to swing the vote even in such predominantly Catholic areas as the Bronx and Queens.

The *Long Island Catholic's* summing up began on page one, under a six-column head which read, "Decision to Emphasize 'Blaine' Opens Up Credibility Gap." The accompanying story by staffer Richard Mauter drew attention to the paradox of a Church of social concern projecting "the image of a political power bloc concentrating on property." The big question, wrote Mauter, is "Who decided the strategy?"

Inside, an unsigned editorial commented that "too many Catholics . . . were appalled by the news reports of tactics used to collect funds and by the advertising campaign which concentrated so much on one issue" (Blaine).

The editorial stated that "the expression of public opinion by the voters last week should move many Catholic leaders in the state to reassess the present structures which allow them to be out of touch with significant Catholic opinion in the state."

"We feel the Church must take the risks of involvement," the editorial added, ". . . but we also feel much of the Church in New York State must become more aware of the need for two-way communication."

Finally, there was the column of Father John B. Sheerin, C.S.P., noting that the "ecumenical euphoria" which set in after Vatican II stood routed. "Now there is an acid bitterness toward the official Catholic Church, and the label used to describe the New York State bishops is 'pre-conciliar.' "

Father Sheerin's conclusion: "The campaign preceding the elections blew the ecumenical spirit sky-high in New York and left it bleeding and wounded." . . . So true; in the long run that may be the greatest loss of the elections.

•

Most generous money-back guarantee clause of 1967: the Special Favor Rosary Guild's pledge to return the purchase price of the Special Favor Rosary ($7.95), "if you do not receive the Special Favors which are closest to your heart." Time limit: 90 days . . . Which rather puts Providence under a little unfair pressure, we'd say.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Right or Necessity?

Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editors: I'm no advocate of the necessity, or advisability, of clerical celibacy; but the arguments of Father Born ("News and Views," Oct. 27) are absurd to the point of puerility.

First of all, he equivocates the term "inalienable." Is the right to marry inalienable in the sense that no one else may deprive me of it, or in the sense that I may not even relinquish it voluntarily? If he intends the second, he certainly gives no valid proof. The "right to breathe," which he exemplifies as an "inalienable right," is hardly a right but a necessity of survival; its relinquishment would entail suicide. Is he trying to tell us that marriage is equally necessary for life, or for an adequate life? If so, how to explain the many apparently healthy and well-balanced individuals in the unmarried state? Or would he deny that there are any?

Further, if the right to marry may not be relinquished any more than the right to breathe, then are not all priests, Sisters, widows, widowers, and other unmarried people living in sin? If we're going to argue against a compulsory or universal celibacy, then let's at least use some arguments that make sense.

JOYCE BLOUNT

Amen, Amen

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: To William F. Buckley for his piece on the non-Latin Mass a fervent Amen! If one could never be quite sure just what the priest was saying (or doing) at the old altar or what might be hidden behind the tabernacle, there was always a Something—an awe-inspiring Unknown, a Mystery that made one feel small and humble and that inspired contemplative worship. When this goes, one must rely, as the Protestants do, on "a rousing sermon and some jolly good hymns." To be able to define is to be able to dismiss. In

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IN THE PATTERN

"Guerrillas, some of them trained in North Vietnam and in Peking, have infiltrated villages; assassinations and kidnappings are carried out at night; malnutrition is commonplace; there is an American assistance program which allots eight of every 10 dollars to arming the nation; villages are cut off from the central government."

The description is familiar. Vietnam? No—Thailand, as described in an article which appeared some weeks ago in the *Long Island Catholic*. Those who wonder how we became so deeply involved in Vietnam might well give a little attention to Thailand and American involvement there.

Thailand is one of those Asiatic countries the Administration likes to claim as a supporter of United States policy in Vietnam. In a sense the claim is true enough; Thailand is ruled by a military junta rather than by a popularly elected government, but the generals in control do support the United States war effort in Vietnam. In fact, early in November the U.S. bought some troops from Thailand for the fighting in Vietnam, promising ground-to-air missiles and other modern weapons in exchange for an additional 10,000 Thai troops to South Vietnam. The Congo is not the only place where mercenaries fight, apparently, even if they don't always do so of their own free will.

Distressing as it is, there is nothing about the newest quid-pro-quo agreement between the U.S. and Thailand that is surprising. U.S. military aid to Thailand last year came to $60 million and additional aid is now expected to come close to doubling that figure. Thai sources report that the U.S. will reorganize and re-equip two Thai divisions, as well as supply the ground-to-air missiles and other hardware. The missiles, of course, are potentially very practical gifts: the United States has for years been using Thailand as an aircraft base for bombing operations against Vietnam. If there was any secret about this, it was only as far as the American people were concerned; the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese certainly know where our planes have

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been coming from, and it can hardly be considered surprising if they fail to appreciate Thailand's hospitality to American bombers.

As far back as 1965, Secretary of State Dean Rusk warned that there would be "no sanctuary" for any force that intervened in Vietnam, including Communist China. Yet in effect the United States has all these years been using Thailand as a privileged sanctuary. The United States has spent billions of dollars to build and operate seven huge airbases in Thailand. During this period our Thailand-based planes have dropped thousands upon thousands of tons of bombs on North Vietnam, safe from the danger of counterattack. Furthermore, the United States now has in Thailand some 40,000 troops, most of them there in connection with the war in Vietnam—and all this while we simultaneously protest that some North Vietnamese are finding shelter across the border from Vietnam in neutralist Cambodia. If, in the light of this pattern, the enemy were to begin to strike back and a civil war along the lines of that in Vietnam were to start in Thailand, would the United States pretend outraged innocence about it all? Would the U.S. denounce "Communist aggression" and commit American troops to save Thailand too? We don't have any certain answer to these questions, but we do have a strong suspicion, and in support of that suspicion we here reproduce in full a recently published news report:

"WASHINGTON (CDN)—The U.S. is stepping up aid to Thailand to counter Communist-backed terrorists and prevent another Vietnam. High State Dept. officials have told Congress that guerrilla activity is spreading in northern and northeast Thailand with support from China and North Vietnam. Rutherford M. Poats, deputy administrator of the Agency for International Development, compared the Thai insurgency to the situation in Vietnam in 1959. But he insisted that the chances for suppressing the rebels in Thailand were much better than in Vietnam, partly because the economy is healthier and the Thai regime is acting promptly to halt the uprising."

Pardon us, this is where we came in. Counter-insurgency, anyone?

POLICING THE PRESIDENCY

Undersecretary of State Katzenbach infuriated a number of people last August, when he argued that President Johnson had authority, even without the Tonkin Gulf resolution, to pursue his course of action in Vietnam independent of the will of Congress. Yet the bald fact is that the constitutional system of checks and balances has been so eroded that Mr. Katzenbach, for all his smugness, was more accurate than most prefer to believe. On domestic matters, executive-legislative checks and balances still work effectively to direct and control decisions of the President, but on international affairs, unlimited and unchecked power, unlike anything the framers of the Constitution planned, has settled in the office of the President, as Chief Executive and Commander-in-Chief.

This situation has resulted not from any calculated scheming; it has developed gradually, through inadvertency, expediency and the evolution of history: the ability of nations to implement decisions with a quickness that can render debate about response a luxury in time amounting to liability; the tendency to wage war without formally declaring war; the disposition to substitute executive agreements for treaties.

Strong cases can be made for the new procedures, particularly restraint from declaration of war even after hostilities have reached advanced stages of shooting. But for the U.S., the streamlining means the bypassing of basic constitutional processes and, for better or for worse, allows one man to make such sweeping foreign commitments as a Korea or a Vietnam *on his own authority*. Mr. Johnson senses this authority, and it is perhaps why he was flip at his Nov. 17 press conference toward the resolution then working its way successfully through the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; namely, that the President should not, in the future, commit U.S. troops abroad without "affirmative action" by Congress. "The Senate Foreign Relations Committee kinda had a big day yesterday," Mr. Johnson commented. "They reported two resolutions in one day."

Mr. Johnson's pique at the Foreign Relations Committee is understandable, given the tensions between himself and the committee chairman, Senator Fulbright. But it would be irresponsible if Mr. Johnson were to be casual about the essential concern of the committee's resolution: the centralization of near-absolute power over American foreign affairs in one individual. This is quite a legitimate worry.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee holds that constitutional balance in foreign affairs can be restored through the return to constitutional procedures that have been permitted to atrophy. Others are not so simplistic. They believe conditions are so radically different today that constitutional amendments are necessary to restore balance between the executive and legislative branches. The problem is that the erosion of checks and balances is so advanced, and the centralization of power in the presidency so overwhelming, that any return to traditional procedures is predicated on the cooperation of the President himself. This means that the President, whoever he may be, must first be persuaded about the worry.

Mr. Johnson's brushing aside of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's resolution would seem to indicate an indifference on his part over the question. But indifference cannot be tolerated, for what is ultimately at stake is the American democratic system. The Senate committee's resolution should only be the first word on a topic that should engage the thoughtful concern of all who care about constitutional processes.

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TARNISHED STERLING

BRITAIN DEVALUES THE POUND

Question: When is a penny worth one cent? Answer: When Great Britain devalues its pound by 14 percent, from $2.80 to $2.40; so an English penny is worth 1¢. The British devaluation of the pound, decided on Nov. 16 and announced two days later, is the latest step in Prime Minister Harold Wilson's attempt to improve the economic climate in Great Britain. In spite of wage-price controls and legislation to stimulate exports, the Labor Government has been unable to shift the British economy from its past pattern of high welfare, high consumption, low economic growth to one of high welfare, high investment, and high economic growth. Time and again the major economic powers were called upon to provide loans to England so that she could maintain the value of the pound in the face of widespread selling.

Although she has been in the habit of importing more goods than she exports, Britain has usually been able to make up the difference either by selling enough so-called "trade invisibles" such as transportation, insurance and brokerage fees, or by selling short-term IOU's to people who were willing to hold such debts. But in 1967 the gap between imports and exports began to widen, foreigners became increasingly leery about holding British pounds, and the Government had to use more and more of its gold and foreign exchange (partly borrowed) in order to keep the value of the pound at its pegged rate of $2.80. Finally, the November 1967 announcement that their trade deficit was $465 million for the previous month caused such a run on the pound that the Government was no longer able to purchase enough pounds to maintain the pegged price. It will take researchers a while to learn how many pounds were traded on Thursday and Friday of that week, but it probably was hundreds of millions.

It might seem strange to Americans, with their Gross National Product (GNP) of $780 billion, that a $465 million trade deficit in one month could lead to such drastic consequences. But it must be remembered that the October deficit came on the heels of continuing deficits during the previous nine months and that the British economy is much smaller than ours. Had the trend continued, the British deficit might have reached one billion pounds; compared to the British GNP of about 38 billion pounds, it would have been as if the annual U.S. trade deficit had risen to a staggering $20 billion.

There is little doubt that the devaluation, together with the domestic belt-tightening, anti-inflationary policies, will be beneficial to the British economy for a while. Devaluation of the pound makes it cheaper for foreigners to purchase British goods; where it used to take $2.80 to buy anything from England selling for a pound, it will now take only about $2.40 to buy the same thing. English woolens, Jaguars and Scotch whiskey will seem cheaper to Americans, French and Japanese. Thus British exports will increase, her imports will decline, and the balance of payments problem will be alleviated.

Devaluation is not a simple problem for a major trading nation such as England. It is a useful step only if other countries do not also devalue by a similar proportion. Otherwise the value of the pound would be right back where it was before. In this instance, a number of other nations, including Israel, Denmark, Spain, New Zealand, and many new African countries did devalue, and others are on the fence. The major western powers, however, agreed in negotiations with Britain not to engage in competitive devaluation so long as her devaluation was relatively small. Reportedly, Britain was forced to choose between having to accept a $3 billion loan from "cooperating" nations, with restrictions on her welfare policies, and devaluation plus a smaller loan, with fewer restrictions. She chose the latter as the more appropriate for the type of domestic economic policy she wanted.

Even then, however, Britain could not go her own way. Because Britain raised her interest rates at the time of devaluation, foreigners were afraid that their currencies would be attracted by the high interest rates and would flow into Britain and worsen their own balance of payments. Thus, the United States raised its interest rates to protect somewhat its own situation. Naturally, the pattern of protection spread throughout the world. (Reportedly, Spain devalued because Israel, her main competitor in the sale of citrus fruits, did.)

The devaluation of the pound was a bitter experience for the British Government and its people. It was all the more bitter because, paradoxically, it was at once inevitable and unnecessary. There is no reason why the value of the pound had to decline 14 percent in one week, why

IN DEMAND

By the date of issue, 11,910 extra copies of the special November 24 issue on "The Problem of Jesus" were sold. Rates:

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unemployment in Britain has to rise, or why American interest rates have to rise sympathetically, thereby halting our recent increase in homebuilding. All these occurred because England tried to maintain the price of the pound and couldn't. But the fault is with the initial policy, not with its ineffectiveness. It would have been better to abandon once and for all the procedure of pegging the value of the British pound *at any rate* to sterling, and to seize the opportunity to allow its value to fluctuate freely in accordance with the supply of and demand for pounds. Had that been done, the British government could have looked forward to devising a program to restore full employment at home and accelerate its rate of economic growth with little concern for trade deficits. If the price of the pound is not flexible, all changes in demand lead inevitably to large changes in employment and output, but if prices can move freely up and down, their movement cushions domestic production from external effects. A French Minister was quoted as saying that Wilson's devaluation took "courage," but it is a strange courage for a politician to force unemployment on his own constituents in order to guarantee (for a while) the price of currency for the benefit of foreigners. (It's even stranger because many American companies operating in England report that the devaluation will not affect them because they had been hedging against the decline in the pound.)

Perhaps, however, other nations were unwilling to see Great Britain free herself from the chains of gold which restrict their own freedom of domestic economic policy. The evidence is overwhelming that the other nations would not let England do whatever was best for her. But if they wouldn't let her resort to flexible exchange rates, perhaps she could have bargained her way into the common market by threatening to move in that direction. Either way, Britain couldn't lose. Either she became a member of the common market or she didn't have to. That would be a bargain as well as an economic blessing. Surely, if the family of nations is going to continue to exploit the British workers, sooner or later they are going to change the rules of the game.

But from all that is public knowledge now, Britain lost a wonderful opportunity to pursue the best economic policies for British citizens and to lead the world out of the morass of international monetary crises. She deserves our censure for what she left undone, not our sympathy for what she did.

HIRSCHEL KASPER

(Hirschel Kasper teaches in the Department of Economics in Oberlin College in Ohio.)

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CASE FOR THE WAR

Although I am in disagreement with *Commonweal*'s editorial position on the Vietnam War, I respect that position because of its honest, unequivocal nature. The editors believe that the war's moral costs exceed any possible gain and therefore advocate U.S. withdrawal. They recognize that withdrawal will mean a political defeat for this country in Vietnam and probably for its allies throughout Southeast Asia, but they are willing to accept that fact.

Because of this straightforward position, no time need be wasted on intermediate issues such as bombing pauses, peace signals, coalition governments in Saigon, or Ho Chi Minh as an Asian Tito. A defeat is a defeat, and let's get it over with.

This same uncompromising attitude characterizes two recent anti-war statements, one issued by a group called RESIST and the other by 27 Catholic intellectuals.

My own view is that the many justifications for our military effort in Vietnam are not self-contradictory but rather complementary and interrelated.

First, the great issue in the world today is freedom vs. tyranny. Second, the United States is the principal defender of freedom. Since the idea of freedom is much broader and more significant than the particular selfish interests of the national society that currently defends that idea, it is easy for critics to juxtapose them and play one off against the other. There is not and cannot always be a perfect one-to-one correlation between human freedom and American national interests, but desire to promote human freedom informs and ennobles American foreign policy and, broadly speaking, what strengthens American influence strengthens freedom.

Since many readers do *not* regard that as axiomatic, let me remind them that if the United States had not interposed first its economic and then its military strength in Western Europe in the late 1940's, then West Berlin would not be a free city and the French and Italian Communists would probably have seized power, establishing in France and Italy the same drab tyrannies as now prevail in Poland and Czechoslovakia. If the United States had not defeated Japan in World War II, then all of Asia from Korea to the borders of India would be under the control of a ruthless Japanese military dictatorship. Such personal freedom and national independence as exist in Asia are largely due to American intervention from 1941 to 1945. Those gains were defended by American blood and sacrifice in Korea from 1950 to 1953 against an attack by North Korea backed by China and Russia. They

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are being defended today in Vietnam against an attack by North Vietnam backed by China and Russia.

Underlying the arguments of the peace advocates is the assumption that if the United States abandoned the "folly" of its intervention in Vietnam, there would be peace in the world. Vietnam, however, is only one episode in a worldwide political struggle that has been going on for decades and will continue for decades. The source of this struggle is the ideological effort of Russia and China to appear as the vanguard of world revolution. Traditional national interests sometimes reinforce this ideological drive. Thus, ideology and interest are both involved in the Russian effort to obtain military bases and a sphere of interest in the Middle East by arming the Arabs. But, for Russia, only ideology explains its support of Cuba and North Vietnam, both of which are economic burdens and irrelevant to Russia's national interests. As long as Russia and China—not to mention the aggressive ideological pretensions of Cuba—keep pushing outward, there cannot be peace in the world.

This brings us to the question of means. It is permissible to spread ideology by peaceful politics, foreign aid, propaganda and diplomacy. If this is all that the ideological cold war amounted to, both sides could enjoy "competitive coexistence." But the Communists, relying upon the mystique of revolution to confer legitimacy, have no scruples about using force. The United States, as the chief organizer and defender of the free world, cannot permit freedom to be nibbled to death by "wars of national liberation."

Many who criticize the deployment of American power in Vietnam and elsewhere around the globe have a double standard on the use of force. The Communists can use force to keep a country within their system as the Russians did in Hungary. They can use it to extend their system as the Chinese did in Tibet. They can use force to blackmail, intimidate and subvert from the Berlin blockade to Vietnam. But if the United States uses force to block these aggressive moves, then it is denounced for intervening in other people's affairs or accused of illusions of omnipotence or ridiculed for trying to be the world's policeman. We should instead be grateful that America has the power to defend freedom and the will to use that power.

I am not impressed by the argument that the U. S. ought not to intervene in Vietnam because what is really going on is a social revolution which cannot be stopped by force of arms. Communist revolutions are no more inevitable or desirable than the Fascist upheavals of 30 years ago which were once thought to be "the wave of the future." These social revolutions, these brutal shortcuts to modernization, bring more misery than material gain to their victims. The peasants get cheated out of their land, the workers get sweated, and the intellectuals lose their freedom. Cuba in 1959 and Russia in 1917 only needed a liberal reform; instead, in the name of revolution, they have suffered an unending totalitarian ordeal. Ho Chi Minh is just one more murderous tyrant shuffling his bloody way across the stage of history.

The nationalist argument has greater weight. Insofar as the Communists in Vietnam have had a political success, it is by capturing the role of spokesmen for Vietnamese aspirations and picturing Americans as successors to the colonial French. But the willingness of five million South Vietnamese to vote in the recent elections indicates that the Saigon Government is acquiring political legitimacy. Pope Paul has spoken of the importance of people being "the artisans of their own destiny." The difficulty is that the armed, terrorist Communist minority will not permit the ordinary South Vietnamese to be artisans of their own destiny. As a result, the South Vietnamese will either be subjugated by the Communists or protected by the Americans. It is not the ideal choice, but it is the only choice.

I think it is important to fight it out in Vietnam if only to learn how to counter Communist guerrilla and terror tactics. If they are not countered successfully in Vietnam, the Communists are sure to try them elsewhere in Southeast Asia and in Latin America.

But I must end on a note of pessimism. I do not think either the American government or the American people are prepared to stay the course in Vietnam in the only way which I regard as sensible. The war has to be won on the ground, in South Vietnam, and over a long period of time, perhaps seven to ten years. But instead we have turned the war into the kind of war we are used to winning. We are hoping to win by air power and fire power rather than by slow, small-scale infantry actions.

I am opposed to the bombing of North Vietnam not only because it is morally indiscriminate—that is true of almost all bombing—but also because it is militarily ineffective. The strategic bombing surveys of Germany and Japan after World War II showed conclusively how quickly bomb damage can be repaired. If that was true of highly industrialized nations, it is even more relevant for North Vietnam which has relatively little industry and which is accustomed to primitive means of transport. Moreover, bombing of the North is needlessly provocative of Communist China. I am also opposed to the spraying of chemicals in either North or South Vietnam because it poisons the atmosphere and the food chain for an indeterminate length of time.

The American Government, however, has become obsessed by the need to find a quick solution. The American people, notoriously impatient, are wearying of a war to which there can be no early end. If we had the patience, we could probably wear down the Communists in a smaller, slower, less mechanized war while gradually refining and improving our political warfare techniques at the village level. Lacking that patience, we are likely to meet defeat in Vietnam and in the other Vietnams that may come in "the third world." WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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What choices are open to the priest wanting to marry?

TRIAL BY LAICIZATION

PETER DECLAN

In recent months, the question of whether or not celibacy should be restored as an option for priests of the Latin rite has become a major issue in nearly every sector of the Catholic world, despite the attitude of many in the hierarchy (and the American bishops in conference) that clerical celibacy is in the category of "traditional teaching —non-debatable." I intend to avoid that issue here, however, and focus instead on two practical questions of immediate concern. The first is: what are the choices now open to a priest who, after prayerful deliberation, decides that the celibate life, as distinct from his priestly vocation, is no longer possible for him? The second question is whether the choices open to a priest seeking permission to marry in the Church are in keeping with the holiness of the Church. The answer to the first question, as presented here, has been drawn from many bits of information supplied by a wide variety of American, European and South American priests and carefully checked for accuracy. These sources include members of the Roman Curia, canon lawyers, chancery officials and bishops as well as priests who have sought Rome's permission to marry. The resultant picture, as one canon lawyer has noted, bears all the marks of a classic ecclesiastical horror story. The answer to the second question will be left to the reader to judge for himself.

There always have been a certain number of Latin rite priests who have wished to marry, but since Vatican II the numbers seeking permission to do so have grown. Pope John urged the Curia to handle these requests with as much charity and speed as possible. When priests learned that a door had been opened in Rome, the petitions for *ante factum* permission to marry quickly reached deluge proportions. One official of the Curia handling the requests admitted that his committee spent its days simply rubber-stamping dossiers, relying on the recommendation of a priest's superior as the guide to its decision. As the petitions continued to pour in, however, the alarm was sounded. Shortly after the election of Pope Paul, the channels were closed; only a very few *ante factum* permissions have since been granted and only under bizarre conditions. For those priests upon whom the briefly-opened door was shut, there were three alternatives: remain celibate; marry civilly and leave the Church (a report circulated within the Curia has estimated that, as of 1964, between 15 and 20 percent of all ordained priests were involved in civil marriages and estranged from the Church); or, as a last resort, go through the degrading charade of breaking the law by marrying civilly and then penitently begging the Church to "fix up" or validate their marriages *post factum*.

Increasingly, however, priests are protesting the hypocrisy of the third alternative. They are insisting that their bishops or superiors listen and discuss with them their reasons for wanting to marry. In some cases, bishops refuse even to grant such priests a hearing. One young priest, for example, waited in his bishop's reception room from 9 to 5 each day for 11 days. He was repeatedly told that the bishop was not in and when he inquired about the steady flow of other visitors into the bishop's office he was informed that "They are only seeing the chancellor." Finally, the bishop came out to him and said: "Why do you insist on pestering me for permission to marry? Just go ahead and break the law. Then we'll see what can be done to straighten out the mess." In another case, a priest had scarcely mentioned his desire to obtain permission to marry when the bishop cut him off, saying: "There is no need to discuss this. Rome never grants permission for a priest to marry. It is impossible even to get a civil marriage fixed up." A priest in the Southwest was suspended on the spot by his bishop and threatened with excommunication if he did not leave the state immediately. At the opposite extreme, a midwestern bishop gave one of his priests who was leaving to marry a thousand dollars to help him get established. He also assured the priest that his door would always be open should he need more money, references, or even help in finding a job.

In another midwest diocese, the ordinary refused to help one of his priests in any way, either to obtain *ante factum* permission or *post factum* regularization, or even to sign his petition to Rome unless the priest and his intended wife moved at least 500 miles from the diocese. At the time, such a move proved impossible for several reasons, among them the intended wife's legal contract with her employer, the sale of real estate, requiring many months of personal attendance, and so forth. Eventually, the priest transferred to a Canadian diocese and from there, with the help of friends, he was able to obtain directly from Rome *ante factum* permission to marry. (This

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was one of the few *ante factum* permissions granted to American priests.) The marriage was witnessed by a bishop.

The New York Archdiocese has adopted the policy of listening patiently to priests who want to marry or who have married, accepting their petitions and then filing them away. Despite a backlog that now numbers some 30 cases, no petition has been forwarded to Rome in over a year. In September 1967, the New York Archdiocese lost four priests in one week; five others informed the archbishop that within a month they would be filing petitions for permission to marry. The higher the pile gets, the more embarrassing it is for the chancery and the archbishop to admit the situation. The St. Louis Archdiocese, both under the late Cardinal and the present administrator, accepts *ante* and *post factum* petitions but takes no action on them for one year after they are filed with the chancery. In recent months other dioceses have adopted similar policies with slight variations.

No priest in this situation goes to his bishop except in fear and trembling, fully expecting to find no understanding, no matter how open and kind the bishop has shown himself to be in the past. Fortunately, and this should be emphasized, more bishops and superiors today are showing understanding and, further, some are coming to realize that a priest's desire to marry does not necessarily mean that he wishes to renounce the priestly ministry or that he is indifferent to the Church.

After the Bishop

Having come to some understanding with his bishop, the priest who wishes to marry then faces a new hurdle, before which even the most cooperative bishop is often powerless. One priest, after a satisfying talk with his bishop, was asked to draft his petition to marry and was referred to a leading canon lawyer for help. The petition was carefully drawn up and forwarded to Rome with the strong recommendation of the bishop that "this man be allowed to enter a marriage according to the rite of Holy Mother Church" as soon as possible. The petition was denied for "insufficient reasons." One wonders who would be more likely to make a just decision in a case like this, the local bishop who knows the priest personally and has discussed his decision with him at length, or some official in the Roman Curia whose only acquaintance with the priest is a brief formal petition.

It is practically impossible to get a clear idea of what Rome considers "sufficient reason" for granting an *ante factum* permission to marry, though some indication may be gathered from the lengthy canonical petition available from Rome but unknown to many bishops. This questionnaire sets out two premises upon which *ante factum* permissions might be granted. If the petitioner admits to serious moral lapses in chastity (whether real or fictional seems to be unimportant), a favorable reply invariably arrives in short order. A favorable reply is also forthcoming if a psychiatrist testifies that the priest is incapable of leading the celibate life. The four priests in Rome who confirmed this analysis also said, independently of each other, that "other documents are very helpful if they testify that the man is not and never has been a good priest." Any indication in the answers to the questionnaire that the priest wants to continue functioning as a priest eliminates all possibility of an *ante factum* permission. The whole tone of the questionnaire is clearly to blame the priest and thus show that there is no reason why Rome should ever consider making celibacy optional.

Even if a bishop is aware of this formal petition (and many have never heard of it), the response from Rome is not certain. The position of the bishop or religious superior in the hierarchy of the Church plays an important role in the promptness of the response. The bishop of a minor diocese often waits months or even years for an answer while cardinals and archbishops gain a quick hearing. The bishop's status also influences the kind of reply received. A petition endorsed by a bishop from a minor diocese is likely to be rejected, but a petition even reluctantly forwarded by a bishop from a large diocese is apt to be approved. At least it is dealt with quickly.

In the Church, as in any institution, results often depend on approaching the proper person in the right way. Petitions that are not submitted to the proper authority in Rome or lack the proper format often get lost in the maze of finding their way to the proper desk. Thus, one monsignor in Mexico has had phenomenal success in obtaining *ante factum* permission in less than a month, even for priests from other countries, simply because he had a direct channel to the right person. (In the past two months, however, for unknown reasons, that channel has closed tight.)

One theologian, well versed in these matters, claims that when petitions dealing with celibacy are submitted to Rome in any language except Latin or Italian they almost invariably come back denied. This does not seem to be the case with requests on other matters. He also suggests that it is helpful if the petition is presented in strict accord with the medieval form of a petition to the Father of Christendom. The formal address should be in the lower righthand corner, not in the upper left where most Americans would place it. The petition should be brief and begin with the formula "Humbly prostrate at the feet of . . . ." The closing should invariably be the abbreviated classic benediction "Et Deus . . . ." (The four dots indicate that the petitioner is cognizant of the proper etiquette of an educated cleric.) Finally, the petition should be sent in duplicate, with one copy addressed to the Holy Father and the other to the Secretary of State. Both copies, however, are sent to a certain Curia official who prepares the dossier for the Pope. Preparation of the dossier is a crucial matter, for in addition to the peti-

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tioner's name, status, request and summary of enclosed material, the cover carries the official's recommendation for action. Such a procedure is standard for any government where those in high positions have little if any time to read every request in detail. Leaders of state always depended on subordinates' judgment to present minor matters in the briefest possible form with a terse recommendation for its disposition. Because of the delicacy of requests for *ante factum* permission and the reluctance of Rome to grant them, the careful attention and recommendation of the Curia official for favorable action is almost essential for success. A check for 30 American dollars, made out to the proper individual in Rome, also proves helpful.

Requests for *post factum* regularizations and petitions on other matters unrelated to clerical celibacy have for years been processed by Rome even when submitted in English. A new twist in the opposite direction recently added to the confusion in the advice given to a priest by chancery officials in the Chicago Archdiocese. He was told that Rome pays no attention to any petition regarding clerical celibacy unless it is *handwritten in English.*

It is small wonder, then, that priests, chancery officials and bishops find it difficult, if not impossible, to wend their way through this maze.

Two Ante Factum Alternatives

For all practical purposes, a priest is left with only two alternatives if he wishes to obtain *ante factum* permission to marry.

The first is for him to plead that he never wanted to be a priest and then have his bishop or superior testify that he has not been a good priest and should, in fact, never have been ordained. For a man who sees no contradiction or conflict between a Christian married life and priestly ministry, and who wants to continue his work as a priest, this alternative is unacceptable. In a growing number of cases, both the priest and his superior would prefer to have him continue in the active ministry as a married priest.

The second alternative combines the two grounds for *ante factum* permission evident in the older questionnaire—moral lapses and the impossibility of continuing celibate—in a way that few priests would be willing to accept, though it offers the surest and quickest path to the granting of that permission. Originally the simple testimony of a psychiatrist that the priest cannot live the celibate life was sufficient as grounds for a favorable reply. Obviously, a man in love with a woman is going to find the celibate life impossible, or at best schizophrenic. From this point of view the testimony of a psychiatrist is unnecessary. It certainly does not show that the priest is at fault. For this reason, the only testimony acceptable from a psychiatrist in recent months is to document the "overt homosexuality" of the petitioner. The grotesque absurdity of an overt homosexual's wanting to marry and a psychiatrist's asking Rome to accept this reason as grounds for permitting the marriage apparently has not occurred to Curia officials.

Surely it is rank dishonesty for a priest to allege that he does not want to be a priest or that he is an overt homosexual if these allegations are not true. It is doubly dishonest for authorities to expect such reasons to be alleged if they are not verified, and to require such allegations as the only basis for granting *ante factum* permissions.

The end result of all this is fairly predictable. More and more priests are being backed into a decision they have tried to avoid at all costs. Having exhausted all legal avenues, they are forced into the role of a "bad priest who breaks the law of Holy Mother Church" by entering into a civil marriage. These priests then are asked to humbly seek laicization and readmission to the sacraments. So common has the negative response to *ante factum* requests become that many bishops have simply thrown up their hands in despair and quietly suggested that the easiest way for all concerned is for the priest to play the role of the "bad boy," break the law, and then try to have things "fixed up" as soon as possible.

It is interesting to note the relative ease with which Rome dispenses religious nuns of their solemn and perpetual vows of chastity. In contrast, it is most reluctant and even adamant in refusing a dispensation to a diocesan priest bound only by a promise to observe a law of the Latin rite. Also noteworthy is the compassion which the Church shows for abortionists, profaners of the Blessed Sacrament, seducers of youth, those who are married before a minister or seek a civil divorce without permission, violators of the dead, bigamists, apostates, and those who break the confessional seal. Each of these can be absolved under canon 2254 as *casus urgentior.* A priest in an unauthorized marriage, however, cannot.

With this background, one can appreciate the wry wisdom of the bishop who recently remarked that "A priest who leaves the ministry to get married plays spiritual Russian roulette. He is never quite sure what the Pope will do."

One wonders whether a practical way to alleviate this confusion might be to transfer all dispensations from the Holy See to the jurisdiction of national episcopal conferences. Each national conference could then set up a committee of bishops and experts from various fields to deal fairly and promptly with individual cases. (A Dutch bishop recently dispensed one of his priests from celibacy, without recourse to Rome, arguing that his desire to marry constituted an "urgent case." A national conference committee could do the same.)

Once a priest has married civilly and asks for regularization of his status, his petition is similarly plagued by

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his superior's place in the power structure, failure to use the proper format or language, even the vacation schedules of certain Curia officials.

Recently, after trying in vain for over a year to obtain *ante factum* permission, a religious priest on the East Coast was advised by his superior to enter a civil marriage. When the order's canon lawyer presented the petition for regularization, he took no chances of being turned down. The priest was asked to sign a document which gave as his reasons for marrying the following "facts": that he had been living in open concubinage for three years, had been a practicing homosexual for seven years, had not said his daily rosary for three and a half years, had not made his thanksgiving after Mass nor said the vesting prayers before Mass since ordination. After protesting that these were lies, he was told this was the only way he could have his marriage regularized. The priest refused to sign. His marriage is still waiting validation.

In many cases there has been scandal attached to a priest's civil marriage. Yet once Rome has regularized the marriage and the couple have returned to the sacraments, some bishops insist on hiding the fact at all cost. Some bishops have refused to allow the sacramental marriage and dispensation to be entered on the couple's baptismal records. In a number of recent cases no witnesses were permitted at the marriage and no record was permitted in the files of the parish where the marriage took place; the only record rests in the secret archives of the priest's ordinary. Any request for confirmation of the sacramental marriage must be made to the bishop or religious superior. Frequently, instead of using his knowledge to avoid further scandal, a bishop, when questioned, will simply deny any knowledge of the matter. The rumors and gossip continue. One married priest asked the bishop in whose diocese he worked to confirm, privately, to a scandalized fellow worker, that his sacramental marriage was fully authorized by Rome. Rather than admit the "embarrassing" fact that the Holy Father had granted this permission and thereby put an end to the rumors, gossip and scandal, the bishop asked the priest to trust his judgment and say nothing further about the matter. In another case, a married priest was refused a Church marriage certificate needed in order to register his children in a Catholic school. As far as the school officials knew, the couple were in a "bad marriage" and their children could not be admitted to the parish school until the marriage was regularized. The bishop refused to certify the sacramentality of their marriage and the priest who witnessed it was placed by the bishop under the seal of silence "for fear of causing scandal by admitting that Rome had allowed a priest to marry in the Church"; the children went to public school. Unjust as this course is, it is followed by all too many bishops and religious superiors. In addition, some bishops take quite seriously the directive that a married priest must move 500 miles away from any place where he is known as a priest.

Just what good this continued public scandal does for the Church remains to be seen, but for the Church and bishops not to admit the facts openly and frankly is certainly an unnecessary injustice to the married priest and his family.

The Second Question

In commenting on the encyclical *Sacerdotalis Celibatus,* Piet Smulders, a fairly conservative Dutch Jesuit, suggested that one result of this document "will be that dispensations and exceptions will be more easily allowed." In the same week that the encyclical was released, Roman officials acknowledged that some 4,000 priests had asked to be relieved of celibacy during the past three years. Ninety percent of these men, they said, received permission, but they did not specify whether it was *ante factum* or the regularization of a civil marriage. In the past year I have talked with over a hundred American priests who have married with the permission of Rome. Only one of them, mentioned earlier, was able to obtain an *ante factum* permission, and he made his petition from Canada.

Whether or not the Latin rite returns to the practice of the first thousand years of Christianity, when a married and celibate clergy existed side by side, one thing seems certain. As more and more priests leave the active ministry to marry and in so doing bring to public scrutiny the procedures involved in this course, Catholics everywhere, both clerical and lay, will have to ask themselves the answer to the second question mentioned at the beginning of the article: Is the present legislation and procedure for dispensations in keeping with the holiness of the Church?

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JEAN HOLZHAUER

SONNET

The Streetcar whines and grinds between the elms
To picnics in the parks across the town:
Whole fleets of cars, with heroes at their helms,
Plying their railed courses up and down,
Sailing the intersections of the street,
Their clash and clang diminished by the night,
Rushing on schedule with the dawn to meet
The first commuters of the morning light.

Even the Streetcar someone named Desire
Tied by a trolley line to map and pace,
Held by the helmsman to its length of wire
And track, and tabled time, and stopping place.
I heard the rush and roar, and hurried. Late,
I missed by years the corner where you wait.

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Damocles' new sword

BOMBS IN ORBIT

THOMAS M. CONRAD

Mr. McNamara's recent announcement that the Soviets appear to be developing an orbital bomb is further evidence that it takes one to three years between the time when strategists know about a new development and the time when the general public is informed by official statements. Since 1965, the Soviets have been giving indications that they were developing an orbital bomb; since early 1966, almost two years ago, analysts and journalists using public but not publicized information have had a pretty good idea of what is involved.

The official view on orbital bombs, best expressed by McNamara, is that they are not "efficient" when compared to ordinary ICBMs. This lack of cost-effectiveness shows up in two ways. A given missile can carry a larger warhead when it is used as an ICBM with a simple trajectory rather than being used to launch a more complex satellite-bomb. For example, a certain Soviet missile used as an ICBM might be able to carry a warhead weighing 10,000 pounds and having an energy of 20 megatons, while the same missile could launch a satellite containing a bomb weighing 7,000 pounds and having an energy of 10 megatons. A modern missile used as a simple ICBM may have an average error of 2,000 feet for impact at a range of 6,000 miles, while the orbital bomb, which must be actively guided both into orbit and out of it again, may have an average impact error of 3-5 miles or more at the same stage of technology.

On the narrowest possible definition of the problem—i.e., the extremely accurate placement of the largest warhead on a target by a given missile—the orbital bomb is not "cost-effective." This follows from basic physics, which the Soviets know as well as we do. The assumption that the Soviets are neither ignorant nor stupid encourages us to look for other criteria by which the Soviet development of orbital bombs might make sense.

One criterion for the usefulness of orbital bombs was first popularized by Mr. Khrushchev: the evasion of early warning systems. ICBM trajectories between the Soviet Union and the United States pass over the Arctic region, and for some time the early warning systems of both superpowers were pointed toward this area. The alternative to a typical ICBM trajectory of 6,000 miles is a trajectory going the other way around the same great-circle route, over a distance of 19,000 miles. If such a long trajectory is to be accurate, the warhead must be placed in orbit and then guided out of orbit again as it approaches the target. The weapon, essentially a satellite which does not complete its first full orbit, is thus called a Fractional Orbit Bombardment System (FOBS). The theory used to be that an attack by such FOBS could evade the warning radars, making possible a surprise attack.

The actual situation is rather complex. There are three types of radar now operating in the United States which can detect and track FOBS missiles: the AN/FPS-85 radar in northwest Florida, which can detect small satellites over a line of sight of several thousand miles and can track many objects at once while searching for others, and MADRE and TEPEE, which detect rocket exhausts several thousand miles away, below the horizon. The problem is that the orbital bomb must begin moving out of orbit before there is positive evidence of an attack and before the targets can be determined.

Defense Alert

Any large increase in the launching rate of large satellites, any more extended launching program which results in periods each day when a large number of Soviet satellites are simultaneously over the U.S. in a suggestive pattern of spacing, or any evidence of incremental adjustments in a large number of satellite orbits over a short period, which might be used to re-orient a pattern of orbital bombs from initial launching errors and accumulated errors due to atmospheric drag, would be sufficient to trigger a defense alert. The intelligence-gathering and command and control arrangements for this kind of monitoring have been operating for some time.

The point at issue is, of course, the possibility of a surprise attack. There is no way to guarantee that one or a few Soviet orbital bombs could not be dropped on the U.S. with very short warning, unless we were to shoot down all Soviet satellites above some specified size. When the U.S. ballistic missile defense system, System 167, is completed in 1971-72, the Soviets might be able to drop (say) 20 orbital bombs by surprise, and get two or three of them to penetrate the defense system. But an attempt to launch a *large* number of orbital bombs so as to produce, not only a surprise attack, but a devastating surprise attack, runs up against some formidable obstacles.

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If the bombs are accumulated and "stored" in orbit over a period of a few days or a week before the attack, all of the intelligence indicators discussed before will be able to operate, and it would be very difficult for the Soviets to expect or count upon obtaining surprise. If, on the other hand, all of the orbital bombs were launched at once, in a FOBS attack, the first warning we would obtain would be due to the passage of many rocket engines through the upper atmosphere, which is one of the prime triggers for a full defense alert. In either case, the scale of launchings necessary for a large amount of damage in an attack would trigger warnings at least as fast as would a more conventional attack with ICBMs. Since the losses involved with orbital bombs concerning warhead energy and particularly accuracy make orbital bombs unsuitable for attacks on our Minuteman missiles, a *surprise* attack (thus, limited numbers of bombs) could have no significant effect in disarming the United States, and the targets chosen would presumably be population instead of weapons.

The objection to the development of orbital bombs, which underlies the treaty banning the actual launching of such bombs, is that orbital bombs represent yet another source of ambiguous dangers which might trigger a nuclear war by miscalculation or mechanical accident, or produce a crisis with exceedingly bad political aftereffects. As we have seen, a massively-damaging surprise attack using orbital bombs is what defense analysts call a "low-confidence measure," so that the Soviets' explicit doctrine of "striking massive blows" early in a nuclear exchange would be unlikely to be well-served in the event of war. If we assume that the Soviets are about as much concerned to prevent accidental nuclear exchanges as we are, the deployment of orbital bombs would seem to be a mistake, according to their own values.

Since Soviets must be credited with considerable strategic sophistication, one cannot close this analysis of motives by concluding that they have made a simple mistake at enormous expense. Let us take a further step in the argument, to see if there is a criterion by which, and a context in which, the Soviet development might be seen by them to work to their advantage.

The Soviets have taken great pains to sensitize us to their development of orbital bombs. They have discussed it in public to a greater extent than almost any other weapon-threat they have made in recent years. They have paraded two kinds of large missiles which were lengthily described as carriers for orbital bombs. They have made a dramatic series of tests, where we could monitor them easily, in which vehicles were dropped from fractional orbits or blown up in fractional orbits, undoubtedly aware of the serious difficulties with orbital bombs noted previously: they are not reliable means for massive surprise attack, and they are indifferent competitors with standard ICBMs for simple bombardment of targets.

Let us try out a scenario. The U.S. has been sensitized to the threat of Soviet orbital bombs by continuing public relations moves of the sort just discussed. In this context, a political issue is raised by the Soviets, and "vague but intense" threats are made. Next, five satellites are launched in one day from the Soviet military base at Plesetsk. These satellites show up on radar and ballistic cameras exactly as has been predicted from the theoretical calculations for the orbital bombs, based on expert examination of photos of the warheads shown in the Moscow parade on Nov. 7, 1967. The U.S. goes on a high defense alert. Asked over the Hot Line, the Soviets deny they have launched orbital bombs. They provide a detailed description of the scientific experiments carried by each of the satellites.

Because of the high state of alert, the fact that there is a crisis begins to "leak" and it is decided to publicly announce that the Soviets are suspected to be threatening the U.S. with orbital bombs. The bombs are large and show up clearly in the night sky; many Americans watch them. Pressure to do something grows. The Soviets publicly deny that they have placed bombs in orbit. They repeat publicly their descriptions of the scientific experiments being carried by each satellite, and denounce the U.S. Administration as warmongers. At this point the scenario branches out.

1) The U.S. has prepared for a situation like this. A manned satellite is launched which is equipped with a television hookup via satellite so that people all over the world can watch the inspection mission. They see that the satellite chosen for inspection is as advertised, a scientific satellite. The Soviets demand payment for the dismantling of their satellite. The U.S. is left looking like the paranoiac fool; the Soviets obtain part of their political demands.

2) The U.S. is not prepared for "on-site inspection" of satellites; it can only shoot them down, which it does. This requires detonation of nuclear weapons. The U.S. is stigmatized as trigger-happy and for breaking the Test Ban Treaty. The Soviets, riding on a wave of popularity for their "restraint," obtain political victories. A little later, on the basis that the U.S. has abrogated the Test Ban Treaty, the Soviets begin a large nuclear test series in the atmosphere designed to test their ballistic missile defense system, as self-defense against the trigger-happy Americans.

3) The U.S. neither inspects nor shoots down the satellites. There is pressure from the general public for the Administration to act, either get rid of the bombs they keep seeing overhead, or give the Soviets what they want, or attack the Soviets and "get it over." The public is deeply divided and worried, and the Administration is paralyzed by the internal divisions and by the ambiguity of the threat, as well as by the fact that the five bombs could do relatively little damage if they really are bombs and do attack, but a false and forceful move could result in a war with massive damage. The functional paralysis of the Ad-

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ministration leads to long-term domestic upheavals and a faltering foreign policy.

In none of these cases are the Soviet satellites really bombs; it is the constructed ambiguous threat that they might be bombs which leads to the damaging political effects.

Are these scenarios credible? Perhaps. What is important is that the Soviets might judge them to be, and might judge it possible to construct and manage such crises without excessive risk to themselves. There is the clearest possible precedent for such a strategy of facade in the successful Soviet attempt in the late 1950's and 1960 to convince the United States that they had a much larger force of ICBMs than they actually had, and to use this idea as a political lever. It is not a question of the Soviets' not being able to make orbital bombs; it is rather the economic and political advantages in not doing so and saying they did.

This problem is an instance of a difficulty which has become increasingly severe in the past few years of Mr. McNamara's management of the Department of Defense. Mr. McNamara has defined the problem, very narrowly, as the most cost-effective way to bombard a target, and has concluded that the Soviets would be stupid to develop orbital bombs, on the tacit assumption that the Soviets, like all other sophisticated strategic thinkers, will define the issues the same way that Mr. McNamara does. But if the problem is defined in terms of finding ways in which the unusable-in-fact modern weapons of mass destruction can be parlayed into modest forms of political leverage without having to use the weapons or come too dangerously close to using them, the definitions of what is "effective" are likely to be considerably different.

Mr. McNamara has shown a tendency to ignore the differences between relatively predictable technological problems and relatively unpredictable human problems. The situation of the orbital bombs is an example of a chronic difficulty in American defense policy. The cost-effectiveness management technique has been uniquely useful in organizing the development, procurement and deployment of weapons, and in eliminating chaotic and conflicting objectives which characterized the process in the past. But cost-effectiveness studies are useful only when there is some *reasonable, empirical* basis for predicting future situations. The requirement of accurate prediction can usually be met with in dealing with purely technological problems, but not always, or often, in solving human problems. The advantage of technology is that it is largely based on those physical sciences which are most able to make quantitative predictions. But when the behavior of individuals, groups, or nations is at issue, the basic knowledge at hand is much too crude to justify the certainty of the cost-effectiveness technique.

But the attempt to analyze human behavior must be made anyway; the point is that present knowledge in the behavioral sciences does not permit such analysis to be done as a simple extension of the intellectual methods used in weapons engineering. To act toward uncertainties as if they did not exist is to encourage dogmatic political analyses which can be disastrously incorrect, and to invite others to take advantage of the rigid and predictable thinking patterns which result.

GALLERY YOGA

MEDIA

The amphitheater at the School of Visual Arts in New York City is a bit like a surgical theater—the old nineteenth-century kind that bumbled a mixture of science and showmanship and was attended by an audience specialized enough to appreciate the finer nuances. Whether the patient recovered was beside the point; all eyes were on the collaboration taking place, the multi-media, so to speak, of the time. In that sense there may not have been much to appeal to ordinary audience concerns in the "Fall Gallery Concerts" (showing at the School for two weekends), but the audience got more than that suggests.

Simone Whitman's "Cloths," which started things off, has two tape recorders, three frame structures over which materials of various hues and textures were thrown in mood sequence, and three singers who hid behind the structures. These are placed on balconies to the left and right of the stage, with one on the stage itself. The house lights remain on.

"Cloths" moves through shades of live and recorded voice, talk and song, male and female. The feminine touch is evident in an awkwardly-sung male solo on one of the tapes, which is funny and domestic in contrast to the more capable humorous and domestic female voices. The atmosphere is sunny but not entirely lazy, which may be the difference between spring cleaning and spring loafing. A breakdown of one of the machines during one performance threw things slightly off kilter, like a region of forgotten memory. The cloths were painterly in function (if you could scotch the idea of curtains), though, like faded memory, a bit drab. Mrs. Whitman dabs with this piece, both musically and visually, but perhaps she is right to do so. Anyway, her associations are as humorous and domestic as any trunkful, the section about union organizing notwithstanding.

"Face Tunes," which followed, is decidedly more restricted in emotional range, a sort of cosmetic of extended pitch. In it Mrs. Whitman plays a slide whistle against (with) a tape of herself playing the same while a seismograph notes the discrepancies. The tension created, aside from a tired arm from holding the whistle over the seismograph, is enervating and in the end mindless, as one plays off pitch against pitch, fighting against a merging of

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the two, and at the same time hoping for it. In the tug between assonance and dissonance, the remarkable thing is the bleakness of either prospect. As a practical demonstration of futility and the refusal to transcend it, "Face Tunes" had a certain mad perfection.

A good deal more activity goes into producing a similar effect in "Two at Once," in which Mrs. Whitman has seven actors and actresses roiling in a column of limbs and buttocks while three figures cling to ropes on a slanted platform above the stage. On the ground the roiling transforms from a football huddle to a mound of squirming matter, to a curious formation that resembled dripping wax. And any number of other things, one supposes, none very human. Meanwhile, the figures on the slant intently exchanged places on the ropes, adopted immobile, gargoyle postures, and otherwise remained physically and emotionally aloof from the business below. The outlook here is also bleak, yet not unfamiliar nor without humor.

The Robert Rauschenberg piece, "Urban Round," is animated electronics. Imagine what a sociologist's or demographer's graph would look like wired for sound and movement, and you have some idea of the lights blinking and traveling about the dark theater, coins jingling, gibberish shouted and random stories from the *Times* recited. The dozen or so participants, located in the audience, got up in the dark and, with coins jingling in one hand, made their way with flashlights to various hiding places in the theater. On arrival, each participant begins shouting his gibberish, continues for about three minutes, then makes his way to the stage where after about six minutes all the participants have assembled. When this is completed, one of the actors begins to read by flashlight from the newspaper, is touched by another, who then begins to read from his paper while the touchee moves about to find somebody else to touch, and so on. A tent down on the stage lights up from the inside and we see the silhouettes of a man and a woman.

All of this is much more pleasant than it may sound. The activity is induced by impulse, when two lights touch, for instance, and one runs off in aimless, random loneliness—"it"—as in a game of tag, until it makes contact and can become stationary again. The mechanics of the game produces a momentum that becomes its own justification. The strangeness, and loneliness, is not unlike that of a game of tag, especially when played at twilight and the voices take on a sepulchral quality, and then a soft velvety tone as darkness descends. A touch is an electrical impulse; the code is the game. The light from the tent casts a nimbus in reverse over the proceedings, which is to say, the interior is lit from the darkness outside, rather than the other way round. Electricity appears to be still very much a mystery.

For a finale, Steve Reich's tapes repeated "My name is Steve" at varying velocities. To this he added voices from the audience also identifying themselves (recorded on entering the theater: "My name is John," etc.), until the phrases rebounded like pistons or settled in the mind like the clicks of train wheels over the rails. Like the other pieces of the evening, it induced a blurring of distinctions and the involuntary, but conscious, creation of new distinctions. The words merge, and out of the blend a new arrangement surfaces, a different phrase. Perhaps an old nursery rhyme. If Mrs. Whitman concentrates on the tension between submerging and remaining afloat, and Rauschenberg's "Urban Round" translates it into a game automaton, Reich raises the volume and thus reduces it to a simple, if strenuous, breathing exercise. Yoga has nothing on this.

PAUL VELDE

UNFINISHED MANSIONS

THE STAGE

The question "Who was the greatest American dramatist?" must be answered with a paraphrase from Gide, "Eugene O'Neill, alas." After some lively seafaring plays, O'Neill underwent a land change, and produced a string of celebrated bores. This strangely unhappy interlude lasted as long as a typical O'Neill play seems to, but at the end of it emerged two masterpieces of American and world theater, "The Iceman Cometh" and "Long Day's Journey into Night." "More Stately Mansions" is O'Neill's last, unfinished play, part of a contemplated cycle of 11. Dissatisfied, O'Neill himself tore up what he took to be the only manuscript; unfortunately, another survived. Now, if an author like Franz Kafka wants his work destroyed after his death, it is good to override the wishes of such a self-doubting, self-tormented genius. But when so self-esteeming, megalomaniacal a writer as O'Neill wanted something of his destroyed, I think it is safe to assume that he was right.

"More Stately Mansions" picks up the story of Sara Melody where it left off in "A Touch of the Poet." She has married the rich mother's boy Simon Harford, and now this tough Boston-Irish lass has to battle it out for complete control of her husband with his devious, infantile, semi-dementedly scheming mother, Deborah. The main plot concerns the tooth-and-claw struggle of these women, who sometimes join in an unholy cabal, while the puerile but sneaky Simon sides up now with one, now with the other. The subplot involves the cancerously growing family business, of which Simon is the nominal, Sara the actual head. Somehow the internecine family and the grasping business are supposed to merge into a colossal image of America racing into materialism, but neither part of the play can stand on its own feet, and, together, they fall like a pair of drunks trying to prop up each other. The business plot is treated in a sketchy, manipulative way; the family infighting is merely a self-contradictory

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schema for—and sometimes travesty of—what works so beautifully in "Long Day's Journey." The motivations of the main characters are a maze of inconsistencies, and sniveling Simon hardly justifies all that matriarchal machiavellianism.

The last scene of the play, which had already seemed interminable, is a stultifying unmerrygoround of instant reversals of position, lightning arbitrariness and thunderous absurdity. It is like a season in the booby-hatch compressed into—I don't know how long, for my sense of time was blotted out by the sense of suffocation. Here O'Neill may be less to blame than the three men, including the director, who cut and rearranged the manuscript. Actually, the feeling here is not of something vast being pared down, but of something so incomplete that every inferior, scratched-out reading had to be reinserted to eke out an evening. I felt inside an echo chamber in which the same speeches often reverberated ad nauseam.

Among the principals, Colleen Dewhurst as Sara manages to keep her chin above the torrents of this tempest in a mudpuddle, but Arthur Hill's genuine and Ingrid Bergman's spurious talents are submerged. Miss Bergman's acting is an anthology of attitudes, and a slender little volume it is. Additional harm is done by Jose Quintero's pretentiously inept staging. He keeps most of the action downstage, with the characters striking two-dimensional postures in front of Ben Edwards' shabby sets, and often sitting down on the very steps leading into the auditorium. This provides the already sinking feeling engendered by the play with an objective correlative. From supporting actors, Quintero elicits nothing like performances: Fred Stewart's windy lawyer and Lawrence Linville's stuffy younger brother are mirthless caricatures. Linville, moreover, is made to walk backwards much of the time, as if a crabbed person had to walk like a crab.

As I suggested before, Ben Edwards' sets are not of the sort worth framing by the actors. A specialist in the limited range from shabby gentility to abject dilapidation, Edwards has turned the rich Harford house and office not into a stately mansion but an old, moss-covered manse, complete with peeling wallpaper. And John Harvey's oblique lighting, going in for vesperal ambers, merely underlines the overstatements. Only Jane Greenwood's costumes are thoughtful and handsome.

In "Long Day's Journey" the characters keep offending one another, then promptly and profusely apologizing. But in that excellent play one is barely conscious of such iteration. Here, however, I kept my flagging spirits alive by keeping score: I counted 24 immediate apologies. But no amount of them would excuse this play. Yet there must be something, if not affecting, at least infectious about it—never in all my theatergoing have I heard an audience cough so much and so loud. But what rises from the ashes of the manuscript of "More Stately Mansions" is not a phoenix, only a turkey. *(At the Broadhurst)*

JOHN SIMON

HAITIAN 'FUNNIES'

THE SCREEN

If ever a movie caught the flavor of a Graham Greene book it is producer-director Peter Glenville's "The Comedians." And why not, since Graham Greene wrote the screenplay from his own novel and director Glenville was meticulously faithful to it—perhaps too meticulously for an exciting movie melodrama. But actually "The Comedians" is only a melodrama on the surface. It means to be much more than a thriller set in Haiti where "Papa Doc" Duvalier's police state conducts a reign of terror. The film pulls no punches in portraying the Ton Ton Macoutes, Haiti's dreaded secret police, and their victims who must comply with the dictator's rules or else. Along with the suspense created by this situation, however, "The Comedians" is concerned with a group of people, the uncommitted, or at best whose commitment is limited and self-centered.

The film opens with the arrival by ship of three of these comedians: Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Smith. Brown (Richard Burton) is returning to look after his failing tourist hotel and to be with his mistress, the wife of a South American ambassador. Major Jones (Alec Guinness), a sort of soldier of fortune who tells amusing stories about his heroic exploits (mostly phony), hopes to swindle the Duvalier government through a sale of arms. Mr. Smith (Paul Ford), an American who ran for president on the vegetarian ticket, hopes to interest the downtrodden Haitians in vegetarianism. As the rather familiar story develops, and led somewhat by these commonplace Jones-Smith-Brown names, we begin to wonder if these three and the secondary characters with them are meant to be actors on the stage of life, like the characters in the old Italian commedia dell'arte who improvised on a standard plot. What will Smith, Jones, and Brown be like as they become more and more involved in the dirty goings-on in Haiti? Will they remain uncommitted? Will they drop their masks and expose themselves? It wouldn't be a Graham Greene story if they didn't. And they do.

Influenced by his good friend, a native doctor (James Earl Jones), Brown shows more than a passing interest in the underground movement against Duvalier and even makes an honest effort to help Smith and Jones when they get into trouble with the police. Although the Smiths, along with their vegetarianism, are pacifists, Mrs. Smith (Lillian Gish) speaks up at the right times and defends the oppressed natives. The gestures are futile; and when the going gets too rough, the Smiths fly away. Although Brown, getting more and more frustrated and demanding of his mistress (Elizabeth Taylor), is jealous of any man to whom she is gracious, he does arrange for Jones, pursued by the police, to be sheltered in the ambassador's

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house. Then he is convinced he has cause to be jealous not only of the ambassador but also their house guest. While Miss Taylor's role is not large and she plays it indifferently, she does have one magnificent scene with Peter Ustinov, as her cuckold-husband. Brown is her lover, but she still has some feeling for her husband, and he, understanding her, wants her to stay with him. Director Glenville gets first-rate portrayals in the confrontation between these two. Glenville also excels in a later scene with Guinness and Burton in which Jones confesses he's been lying about his heroism and Brown, an ex-Catholic, all but acts as priest in absolving him.

Perhaps the 156-minute running time of the film is too long, but anyone interested in the development of character will find it fascinating. Most of the picture was made in Dahomey, West Africa, and Henri Decae's color photography is exquisite as it captures the setting, the people, black and white, and the feel of a place where people are always on edge. It comes as no surprise that the Haitian Government has protested "The Comedians." All the more reason for your seeing it—especially with its closing statement: "The flying time from Port-au-Prince to Miami is one hour and ten minutes." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

JOSEPH PINTAURO

THE DEATH OF SAINT THERESA, LITTLE FLOWER

mind
the complexity of crystal making
multiple demands on light, building
cathedrals around abandoned straight pins
now in the winter of the doe
weak with wisdom

when from the maroon of the hunter's heart
flys a shot that cracks the convent roof apart
breaks down the walls
squalls skeins of yarn, coiffs,
diaries in a frenzy. . . .
where is she?

the white sky
black, bird abandoned trees
the flight track of the hare
prove the hunter
himself is dawn on snow,
white upon the land
glazed, protected but
broken to a rose
where the deer lies in
such scarlet sincerity
struck.

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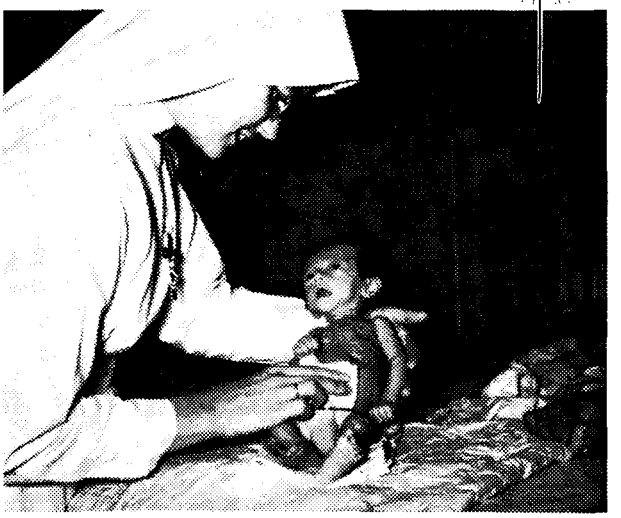

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BOOKS

Norman Mailer as Joycean punster and manipulator of language

Why Are We In Vietnam?

NORMAN MAILER

Putnam's, $4.95

CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

Considering the imaginative energy that Norman Mailer appears to have expended in his latest novel—considering its seeming spontaneity of form and its obsessive focus on the nervous life-style of its teen-age narrator—it comes as almost a shock to realize finally that "Why Are We in Vietnam?" is a novel of ideas. By calling it such I mean to say that the book is flawed, for like most fiction that runs on intellection rather than pure imagination, the novel is always dependent on the force and interest of the ideas behind it and never comes to life on its own. But it should quickly be added that the ideas behind *Why Are We in Vietnam?* are profound and interesting, and so, therefore, is the novel.

By now, you probably have some idea of what Mailer is up to in his new book. The point of view and tone of voice of the narration are as far away from Mailer's own as he has gotten in any novel since *The Naked and The Dead*. A hyperthyroid 18-year-old Texan, Ranald Jethroe, or D.J. (Dr. Jekyll; Disk Jockey to America), as he calls himself, is hipping us here. He believes that "there's a tape recorder in Heaven for each of us . . . taking it all down," so he spills out his confessional monologue in "a stream of conch" divided into "Intro Beeps" and "Chaps" while sitting at home in Dallas celebrating over dinner his and his best friend's imminent departure for Vietnam. (Or the whole thing may be the work of some Negro "genius brain up in Harlem pretending to write a white man's . . . book in revenge," as Mailer has D.J. suggest here and there, so as to disabuse us of the luxury of thinking that the book is one peculiar Texas teen-ager's view of things.)

The plot is lumpy with the stuff of high-adventure literature, but the dramatic possibilities are intentionally chopped down in order to fit the material to Mailer's big theoretical bite. D.J. and his buddy, Tex, are on a big-executive type bear-hunting safari with D.J.'s father, Rutherford David Jethroe Jellicoe Jethroe (Rusty), a Dallas plastics corporation executive who has it in mind "to behold Bruin right in his pig red eye so I'll never have to be scared again, not until I got to face The Big Man."

With them are two of Rusty's flunky executives, the safari's guide, Big Luke Fellinka, and his assistant, Ollie Totem Head Water Beaver. With an arsenal of firearms sufficient to fill an Abercrombie & Fitch Christmas catalogue (the detailing of which is the closest Mailer gets to real humor) and the aid of helicopters to track and flush, the party guns down a wolf, some Caribou and Dall's rams, and a single grizzly. Then, impatient with Big Luke's decadent caution, D.J. and his father strike out on their own. They find a grizzly; D.J. wounds and kills it—and in the process acts out his father's plan to look death in the eye—and Rusty takes the credit, thus destroying the slim hope for a father-son rapprochement. Finally, D.J. and Tex (Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde) cut out on their own, without weapons and with the minimum of supplies, to test their nerves against an idealized Alaskan wilderness.

Insofar as the development and treatment of the action—and the language—of the novel are concerned, we have here a variety of interesting, if not exactly profound, gambits. First, there is the story's function as a bitterly vitriolic metaphor for the conduct of the United States in Vietnam—technical sophistication clumsily imposed by corrupt Westerners on a pristine non-Western civilization. The metaphor is worked out in some detail, quite neatly, but it is not particularly interesting unless you enjoy having your own fires stirred up. Next, there is the deliberate inversion of the romantic traditions of Faulkner, Hemingway and Ernest Thompson-Seton (cf. in particular a story in *The Lives of the Hunted* called "Krag, the Kootenay Ram"). The emergence of William Burroughs and Marshall McLuhan from these traditions will no doubt provide the grist for some future doctoral mill. Then there is the almost mechanical working out of the gunfight at Generational Gap. And of course a two-mile-broad burlesque of Texas as America. All of this is as interesting in the telling as in the actual working out—good ideas as long as they're ideas.

More interestingly we have Mailer emerging as Joycean punster and manipulator of language. The comparison, which is begged quite openly in the text, is damaging. One is inclined to consider the aesthetics which brought Joyce to his language: a static art yielding its meaning (epiphany) through its perfect balance. Significantly, Mailer's novel is didactic to a degree that would have appalled Joyce (who fashioned one-third of his life's rebellion against didactic literature); the language of *Why Are We in Vietnam?* is, with the exception of occasional passages, forced, contrived and without independent life.

How is one then to explain the fascination of the novel—the urge I felt to reread it upon finishing, its peculiar power? By the very fact that it *is* didactic: its lessons lead back to the passionate pedagogue whose voice runs in and out of D.J.'s high-pitched, hip, scatological rhetoric. That voice—Mailer's voice—is irresistible, whether one means to shut it out or shout it down.

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Mailer the social critic and moralist has been trying most of his creative life to develop a metaphorical key with which to decode the secrets of American life. Clues to this key appear in all of his published work, but it has undergone its most radical refinement in his nonfiction collections, particularly his most recent, *Cannibals and Christians.* Here, especially in two lengthy dialogues with himself near the end, he even tried to overtake the scientists and technicians by resurrecting poetic metaphor to the status of scientific truth, or better still thrust science back under the mantle of metaphor.

Why Are We in Vietnam? is a summation of Mailer's metaphorical system, set down to describe the spiritual disease that has stricken the American nervous system and to demonstrate by implication why Vietnam is the visible symptom of that disease. All the threads of Mailer's apparently eccentric theories are woven into the book's fabric. There is the dismissal of psychoanalysis as the sterile therapeutic pacifier he believes it has allowed itself to become. There is the interaction of psychic energy and electricity which he has conceived to relate the soul to its physical environment and which has led him, almost clumsily, into the company of psychic spiritualists and E.S.P. fanatics. There is the evolution of what might be termed his existentialist Manicheism—his endorsement of the ancient Persian heretic's belief in the struggle between Darkness (matter, evil) and Light (spirit, good) to dominate the human soul, and his rejection of Mani's assurance that the age of Light would eventually arrive.

At the philosophical climax of *Why Are We in Vietnam?* D.J. and Tex are bedded down in the wilderness of the Brooks Mountain Range, close to the electromagnetic field (E.M.F.) which D.J. conceives as the "crystal receiver of the continent" toward which flow all the psychic messages of North America, having been transmitted via "the undiscovered magnetic-electro fief of the dream, which is opposed to the electromagnetic field of the earth just as properly as the square root of minus one is opposed to one." In other, and oversimplified, words, it is Mailer/D.J.'s conceit that the human population of the earth and the earth's poles constitute a metaphysical radio circuit in which the messages gradually affect the moral state of the sender.

O.K. D.J. and Tex are bedded down near the E.M.F., beneath a brilliant display of Aurora Borealis ("Magnetic Disturbance?). D.J., charged by the surroundings, experiences a profound sexual longing for his friend. At that moment, "the Northern lights shifted . . . and a coil of sound went off in the night like a blowout in some circuit fuse of the structure of the dark," and suddenly "yeah, now it was there, murder between them under all friendship, for God was a beast, not a man, and God said, 'Go out and kill—fulfill my will, go and kill,'. . ." And so, at the end, the Jethroes are gathered at the Dallas dinner table to honor D.J.'s and Tex's departure to "see the wizard in Vietnam"—the only specific reference to that country in the entire narrative. The question in the title has been answered in Mailer's peculiar terms. We are there because the quality of our moral life is fast bringing on a Satanic penumbra.

Unless one is going to be short-tempered about it all, it is hard to deny that Mailer has come up here with the metaphorical system he has been after, and that it is bold, original and coherent. Whether Mailer's metaphor serves literature, instead of vice versa, is another matter entirely. Unlike the uses to which Yeats put the material of "A Vision," and Joyce himself the theories of Giavanni Battista Vico in *Finnegans Wake,* Mailer's private scheme seems to intrude upon and distort the material of his art. One cannot help feeling that the creation of D.J. and his mad monologue is intended only to provide a more palatable voice and setting for Mailer's social criticism and that this in turn serves finally his passionate, romantic, profoundly moral and altogether fascinating rage at America's failure to fulfill his hopes.

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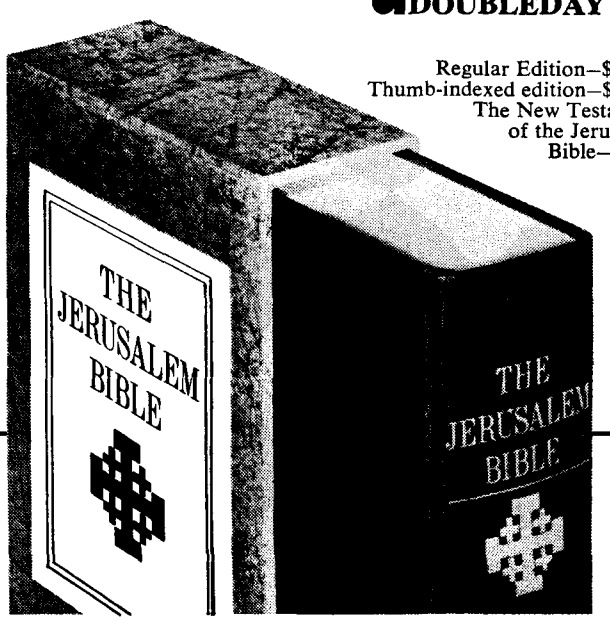

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The Toscanini Musicians Knew

B. H. HAGGIN

Horizon Press, $7.50

WILLIAM YOUNGREN

In *Conversations With Toscanini* (1959) the music critic B. H. Haggin not only talked about Toscanini as a musician but also offered an interpretation of his public behavior, particularly of his famous rages, quite different from the one that was offered by Samuel Chotzinoff, who handled Toscanini for NBC, in *Toscanini: An Intimate Portrait* (1957) and that is probably held by most people. The rages, Haggin concluded, were not "mere self-indulgence by a man who could be reasonable and patient but felt privileged to be unreasonable and impatient." Rather, when they were directed against his orchestra they were the result of "extreme musical sensibility, intense concentration, suffering"; and when they were directed against Chotzinoff and other NBC associates they were the natural reaction of an essentially innocent man "coming face to face with a world of hard-eyed people who all wanted something from him—for whom he was in one way or another an object of exploitation."

This account has always seemed credible to me—not only because Chotzinoff, in his vulgar and mean-spirited book, unwittingly portrays himself as just the sort of hard-eyed person Haggin was talking about, but also because it makes psychological sense and Chotzinoff's account doesn't. For Chotzinoff, Toscanini's musical genius was as unrelated to anything else about his character or behavior as a taste for ripe olives might be in another man, while for Haggin the rages, like the extraordinary quality of Toscanini's performances, resulted from the fact that he was, "in his relation to music, a man obsessed and possessed."

Therefore I was interested to see Haggin's account borne out by this splendid new book, a collection of interviews with 17 musicians who knew Toscanini better than Haggin got to know him and far better than a man like Chotzinoff could ever have known him. The musicians also bear out Haggin's account of Toscanini as a musician, but this hardly seems remarkable and so I shall not pursue it here. Haggin's business, after all, is describing and evaluating music, and he had plenty of exposure to Toscanini's; but he had only a few chances to talk to Toscanini, and that he should have seen so much about the man so clearly *does* seem remarkable. Again and again their anecdotes make it clear that Toscanini's rage, which he never hesitated to turn against himself, was never personal but always motivated by a distinterested desire—a need, in fact—to do right by Beethoven or Verdi or Wagner. It was more than worth it to the musicians, not just because of what they learned about music but because of the extraordinary experience of being driven by Toscanini's relentless honesty and almost magical authority to surpass themselves and play better than they'd known they could. "The Old Man got more out of most of the men than they would ordinarily give to a conductor," remarks violinist William Carboni; "and they gave it because they looked at what was up there and they *had* to. That red face—that violence—it could kill anyone! It was like nature—like a raging sea, or a thunderstorm: it's bigger than you, and you don't buck it—you have to go along with it." And they speak repeatedly of Toscanini's warm and immediate appreciation when things went well. "Every time you sang a phrase he liked," says Jan Peerce, "you'd think he was finding a thousand dollars."

The musicians also speak repeatedly of Toscanini's great charm in more relaxed circumstances—at the same time making it clear that it was very difficult to see him in such circumstances. "At NBC," Chotzinoff proudly pointed out in his book, "we had worked out a system that ensured privacy for Toscanini." But it seems that the sort of privacy NBC provided was not the sort Toscanini wanted. "In those later years," says bassist David Walter, "the entourage that made itself Toscanini's protector against the intrusion of the outside world included his orchestra among the intruders." Therefore the musicians were afraid to approach him and afraid of bothering him whenever they managed to approach him. Yet their fears were unjustified, for Toscanini took great joy in talking about music to those who understood, and plainly he wished it could have happened more often. When Remo Bolignini, who had been his assistant concertmaster in the Philharmonic, was leaving after one visit, Toscanini begged him: " *'Vieni a vederme. Vieni a vederme.* Come to see me more often.' I said: 'Maestro, I would like to see you more often, but I am afraid to bother you.' He said: 'You never bother me! I know who bothers me!' " "I can't tell you very much about him," Jennie Tourel remarks with both regret and pride, "because I wasn't one of those people who were in the entourage and always went and bothered him and asked him to do things for

"A brilliant novel"

(Irving Howe, N. Y. Review of Books) about the horrifying interrogation of a Viet Cong prisoner. "One of the most talented and readable of the season." *(Eliot Fremont-Smith, N. Y. Times)*

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them—never!" Anyone curious about what sort of social life "the entourage" imposed on Toscanini can find out by reading Chotzinoff's book.

The musicians' anecdotes also reveal that there were other, far more serious ways in which NBC imposed on Toscanini—ways that had to do with the circumstances under which he worked and the form in which his music reached the public. For example, Chotzinoff got Toscanini to come to NBC in 1937 by telling him they would create a symphony orchestra especially for him; violinist Alan Shulman tells of Toscanini's gradual discovery that in fact the men were playing half of their work week for NBC staff conductors who tired them out and undid the effects of his discipline, a discovery that led to his leaving NBC for a year. Toscanini apparently did not even have final say about who was allowed to join "his" orchestra! Then there was the consistent mishandling of broadcasts and records, which Haggin has commented on elsewhere, which the musicians corroborate, and which he further clarifies in the excellent explanatory notes he has appended to the interviews.

But the most disturbing suggestion about NBC's dealings with Toscanini to come out of these pages is that the broadcasts were not discontinued in 1954 because of his lapses of memory and failing powers, but rather that the reverse was true: NBC decided to disband the orchestra, in effect giving Toscanini "the pink slip" (as violinist Felix Galimir puts it), and this was what caused the lapses and failures. "I'm convinced that he would have conducted still another few good years—very good years," adds Galimir. "When you took away the baton, you took away the thing that kept him young."

So this is at once a very exciting and very distressing book: exciting because it transmits so clearly the excitement felt by people who are in daily contact with a genius and engaged in a deeply satisfying collaborative activity; distressing because of what it reveals about the conditions under which that activity was carried on, conditions to which Toscanini evidently had to submit if he was to have an orchestra to conduct. That it is a real book with cumulative force, and not merely a collection of wonderfully funny and moving stories about a fascinating man, is owing to the great skill with which Haggin has organized and presented his material. His own notes exhibit the superb, unpretentious intelligence that has characterized his best prose for 40 years, and though the interviews move along so coherently that he must have done a great deal of editing of his original tapes, they almost never sound too "arranged" but consistently give the illusion of spontaneous living speech.

Three of the musicians even emerge as fully formed characters in their own right: Tourel, Peerce, and the intriguing Hugo Burghauser, who combined "initiative, and also very big luck" with "just a little diplomacy too," and succeeded in persuading Toscanini to conduct the Vienna Philharmonic in the thirties. The one thing that bothered me was the rather flat way several of the interviews conclude. Robert Shaw's last words, for example, are: "He was always incredibly sweet and kind and inspiring" —heartfelt words that would sound perfectly all right if they came in the midst of the right context but sound limp and trite standing alone after the entertaining anecdote that precedes them.

All that remains to be said about *The Toscanini Musicians Knew* is that Robert Hupka's beautiful photographs of Toscanini make it a joy to look at as well as to read.

A Bad Man

STANLEY ELKINS

Random House, $5.95

IRVING MALIN

The opening scene suggests the tone of this novel. A young man bursts into the office, points his gun, and says that "the jig is up." Although Miss Lane tries to follow official policy and call the police (by buzzing the secret alarm), she is told by her employer, Leo Feldman, that the jig is, indeed, "up." Why should he accept his "fate" so calmly? What has he done to deserve it? Does he ac-

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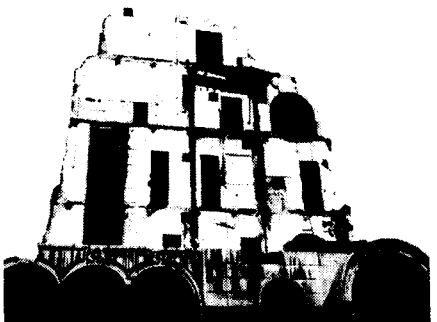

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knowledge his guilt? Such questions raised here—and throughout the novel—are less important than the bizarre logic (or non-logic) of the scene: mad things *have* to "cover" Feldman.

Now he must connect past and present events, trying to find reasons for his unbalanced existence. But he is really at a loss because the self-centered, materialistic patterns which once sustained him no longer count; he is thrust into a crazy world which follows unrecognizable and ill-defined rules. It is not surprising that Feldman becomes "childlike"; he views the Warden's office—the monstrous system itself—as a menacing *school*. Because he is no longer the "conventional" adult, he must look upon the guardians of the Law as principals or truant officers.

Elkin does not really explain the reasons for this sudden decline into "childhood." He merely emphasizes the fact that his "infantile" protagonist—or, better yet, victim—carries a "homunculus" between his "sternal ribs" which can kill him at any time. I am implying that Feldman is not "a bad man" (or a good one). He is beyond morality because he cannot understand the laws which govern his nature. But he is not different from the rest of us—we sympathize with his "divided," terrifying and nocturnal fears, especially when Elkin concentrates upon authoritarian whims and punishments.

Throughout the novel ideas of justice are drowned by sharp pains. We respond to such descriptions as the following: "She'd get a fever. A hundred. A hundred one. It would swell. My wife's beautiful face. The gums drained. In her sleep. One night she almost choked on it. It stank." The gums—like the "twin" Feldman carries on his heart—represent the senseless pains we all endure. In many ways the body is our prison; and although we try to escape from it by desiring department-store things, we cannot leave it. Perhaps Elkin implies that "badness" arises once we try to *break out of our fate*. It is only after embracing "wars, history, deaths of the past, other people's poverties and losses"—and his own deformity—that Feldman reclaims his manhood (or claims it for the first time). This is why he "fills the world" in death.

Obviously Elkin is giving us cruel irony. He realizes that he can torture us—as the Warden tortures Feldman?—by dispensing with the comfort of "plot" and motivation. He creates still points to make us experience "eternal" pain. These points are like film-stills in which victims are "abandoned in trick rooms whose ceilings descended hydraulically, an inch an hour, or rooms inexorably flooding with some killing acid." Elkin stops time so powerfully that at times we want to move before we go mad. But he risks our boredom or anger precisely because he wants us to feel as trapped by the human condition as Feldman does.

Is Elkin at all hopeful? Does he give us some light? What does goodness mean to him? When we laugh bitterly at Feldman's attempts to buy and sell knowledge (or power); when we smile knowingly about "the body's cage"; when we scream hysterically—at these times we escape from confining darkness or, as it is said, *we grin and bear it*. These victories are tentative, however, because we remember that pain will come again to violate laughter. Thus we "dangle" *with* Feldman; mysteriously we become his petrified "twin."

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REVIEWERS

CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT is an editor of the New York *Times* Book Review.

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The Segregated Covenant

WILLIAM OSBORNE

Herder & Herder, $5.95

MATHEW AHMANN

Sociologist Osborne has given us the best one-volume history to date on the relationships between the Catholic church and the American Negro. On top of that, his sociological tools have unearthed a basic theological problem which hampers the church in its movement toward interracial justice.

An excellent introductory chapter outlines the major touchstones in this history from the time of slavery to the present. If there is a weakness here, it is in the lack of attention paid to what was the predominant theological opinion on slavery within the U.S. Catholic church at the time of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Civil War. That opinion justified slavery, a horror which it is hard to imagine any theologian countenancing.

Subsequent chapters on various dioceses, illustrating regional responses to the race problem, contain helpful history, and to some degree deal with Mr. Osborne's underlying thesis. This is that a theology and church system which rests on the ten commandments and applications of the sacramental system, or a theological approach which deals only with individual sanctification undergirds racism; whereas a theological framework which follows Catholic social thought, and believes in service, provides a framework for resolution of racial conflict, and the development of a multi-racial society. Sections on New Orleans, Lafayette, Philadelphia and Chicago bear out his thesis (which I would support) quite clearly. One wishes that the same underlying question had been pursued more vigorously

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in the case of the other dioceses treated. In the case of Washington, D.C., St. Louis, New York, Rockville Centre, Milwaukee and several West Coast dioceses, data is not given to either substantiate or deny the thesis.

Osborne also presents, but does not adequately document, a further thesis that bureaucratization in the U.S. church has functioned to atrophy the moral power of the church. He does demonstrate that, in most areas of controversial human concern, the state seems to have more moral force than the Church. This is so on the issue of war and peace, and despite some exceptions, experience would indicate that it is a fair generalization in the field of race relations.

The problem the first thesis poses for the church is one presently being experienced throughout the church in the post-Vatican II era: conflict between authority and conscience. This problem may well be a very serious one for the Church in the United States, both as it is revealed by "liberals" deeply involved in the Negro community, and by "conservatives" who, some studies suggest, frequently do not believe the church has a right to teach in the area of race relations.

The historical portrait, North and South, is a house of horrors. While juridical segregation is now "out" in the Catholic church, the book presents ample documentation of painful de facto segregation which remains.

One serious shortcoming of the book is revealed by Osborne's comment that the Archdiocese of Detroit "seems to be of all American dioceses the best equipped to face the mounting influx of Negro poor." This statement closes only two pages of sketchy comment about Detroit. Osborne may be right, but he does not document his statement adequately.

The book has a few minor factual problems, but they do not distort the portraits painted. Certainly the book is revealing and useful. Readers may want to refer to Osborne's article on the same subject in the Spring 1965 issue of *Cross Currents,* where Osborne's points are made more concisely.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 323)

"bringing the Mass to the people," a great step in this direction has been taken. Will it be for the many goodbye mystery, goodbye faith? Or will it result in fragmentation—the traditional Latin mass with, one hopes, that Something retained, the vernacular mass with the man in store clothes telling the faithful to "stand up, sit down," and an advanced hootenanny mass utilizing psychedelics?

DEVIN A. GARRITY

Policing Investments

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: The recent editorial, "Church Investments," rightly focused attention on the new mood among some elements of the Church to put its money where its mouth is. But an important aspect of these developments relating to the use of the Church's financial power was not mentioned; that is the drive among some churches and congregations, particularly in the New York metropolitan area and on the national level at the National Council of Churches, to scrutinize the relationship between their banking and investment policies and the perpetuation of racism abroad, in the form of South African *apartheid*. . . .

The Church, if and when it does take steps to wield its monetary weight, must not confine its decisions to those based only on the domestic policies of U.S. corporations etc.; but it must realize that exploitation has no national boundaries, as best exemplified by the involvement of over 250 American businesses in South Africa.

JANET I. MACLAUGHLIN

Correction

In my review of "The Little Foxes," I blamed the director for staging Horace's death in a manner incompatible with the stage directions and an acute cardiac condition. Consulting the printed text and a physician proved me wrong both mnemonically and medically. Sorry.

JOHN SIMON

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